

rumor has it

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by [Courtneyshortney82](#)

Summary

Beth Greene has one request for her birthday... to know if the rumors about Daryl are true.

Notes

It's been a long time since I've posted a smutty one shot and I think it's time!

There's a bit of a mention of past Daryl and Leah, and past Daryl and Andrea. Just mentions, you never have to picture or read any of those things happening!!!!

Thank you to SquishyCool for getting this beta'd for me. I hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)



Beth wasn't listening to what Amy and Andrea were saying to her. All of her attention was on Daryl. He looked so uncomfortable standing next to the sliding glass door that led to her balcony. And it wasn't just because Carol had been dumb enough to bring Leah with her.

Beth knew he hated parties and being around this many people. He'd come for her. He wouldn't miss her birthday. So he was trying to avoid the ex without appearing as though he might jump off the balcony and make a run for it at the first opportunity.

Speak of the (she) devil, Carol and Leah were making their way over to Beth.

Carol got sidetracked by Ezekiel, but Leah was still walking towards her. Beth took a deep breath and put on her most polite smile.

"Thanks for lettin' me stay. I know me showing up with Carol was unexpected. I just had to come and see you for your birthday, though," Leah drawled, voice dripping with fake sincerity.

Realizing she didn't have Beth's full attention, she followed her eyes and noticed Beth was gazing at Daryl.

"To be honest, I was kinda hopin' to see him here," Leah remarked with a sly smile. "Men like him don't come around everyday. If you can get past the attitude and the one-word sentences... he's worth every moment. 'Specially once you get him in bed."

Leah giggled as Beth whipped her head back towards the other woman. She rolled her eyes at her, wishing Carol would come get her friend and leave.

"I know you've heard the stories, Beth," Leah went on, clearly unable to take a hint. "I thought they were exaggerations myself, but nope. It's completely true. He's the best sex I've ever had. Damn, my legs shake just thinkin' about it. I mean, I know you wouldn't know, bein' his best friend and all. He's probably a little too old for you, anyways. In fact, I'm gonna go say hi real quick. Happy birthday, by the way."

She quickly turned and stalked towards Daryl. The sight reminded Beth of the nature shows she used to watch with her sister. The hunter creeping after the unsuspecting prey.

Beth couldn't see what happened next, because Jerry suddenly took that moment to sweep her up in a giant bear hug, and then it seemed like everyone came to tell her goodbye and happy birthday at the same time. Aaron and Eric were the last to leave, offering to stay and help clean up. Beth just shook her head and told them to go home. She'd do some tidying up tonight and finish the rest tomorrow.

She slumped onto the couch, a little annoyed that Daryl had slipped out without telling her goodbye. She could only guess that he'd probably been too preoccupied taking Leah back to his place for some of that earth-shattering sex.

Leah had been right, though. Beth had heard the stories. Many, many times. More than she cared to hear. She referred to them as "the urban legends" in her head. Apparently, her best friend was an absolute sex god. But Leah had also been right that Beth would never know—not for a lack of want. No, she definitely wanted to. It was just that Daryl would never see her that way.

They were friends. Best friends. Something like sex would ruin their relationship, and she'd rather want him physically and have him emotionally than not have him at all.

Her sliding glass door opened, startling her. Without thinking, she threw a bowl of potato chips at whoever was trying to break in and kill her.

"The fuck you do that for, girl?" Daryl questioned her, picking chips off his shirt.

Beth heaved a sigh of relief when she saw that it was him and settled back into the couch. "I thought you left already. Looked like Leah had big plans for the two of you," she mumbled.

"Pfft... why in the hell would ya think that? I've been hidin' out on the balcony tryin' ta keep away from that damn woman." He fell onto the couch next to her, looking around at the carnage left from the party.

"Well she was sure singin' your praises earlier. She and Andrea probably went to the diner to compare stories with that waitress." Beth was being bitchy and she knew it, but Leah had

opened up something resentful within her earlier.

Daryl had an incredulous look on his face, like he couldn't figure out what the hell she was going on about.

Beth rolled her eyes. "D'you know how sick I am of hearin' about how amazing you are in bed? Those three are the worst," she spat. Then she stood up to start putting cups and plates into the trash bag Aaron had started to fill for her.

He whispered out behind her, "What the fuck...?"

She turned to look at him and could see the tips of his ears had turned bright red and he was rubbing the back of his hand along his neck. All signs that he was uncomfortable with the conversation.

"Forget it. I'm sorry," she apologized. "It's jus' that Leah was runnin' her mouth tonight. And last week, the waitress at the diner asked if I'd ever experienced your 'magic tongue.' Hell, even Andrea's told me things that I can't wrap my head around. You need ta start screwin' people outside of our group of friends!" She threw down the trash bag and put her hands on her hips.

She was acting ridiculous, she knew. Yet she couldn't hold back anymore. This was Daryl, her best friend. Sure, she'd been harboring a crush on him since she'd first heard the things Andrea had told her, and she often wondered what it would be like to be with him. But their friendship meant so much more than some stupid crush.

Once, with Zach, she'd imagined he was Daryl and... yeah, okay. If that wasn't the best orgasm she'd ever had. But it would never happen. Like she'd said—and kept reminding herself—he was her best friend. And she was way too young for him, anyway. Judging by the rumors, he liked the more *experienced* women. Someone that could keep up with him. He didn't deserve her anger for simply living his life.

Daryl was still sitting there, looking completely confused by her outburst. He snapped back, "When did'ja start listenin' ta all those women runnin' their big mouths? You can't stand Leah, Andrea annoys ya most of the time. So what the hell ya care what they say?"

"I dunno, maybe—maybe I wanna find out for myself," she burst out.

She met his eyes, but was met with a stony blue glare. It was almost like he was mad at her for just a moment, but then he scoffed again and shook his head.

"Ya shouldn't believe everythin' ya hear, Greene. An' why the hell would ya wanna find out?" Daryl stood and picked up the bag she'd thrown on the ground. He began stuffing things in with a little more force than necessary.

Her voice lost its gusto. "Maybe I wanna know if you live up to the legends," she whispered as he tied up the bag and set it next to the door of her apartment. He was looking for an escape and she was about to push him too far. "Maybe you're afraid for me to know if any of it's true."

“Ain’t afraid of nothin’, girl. Just don’t know what the fuck’s gotten into ya that yer tryin’ to throw yerself at me like some drunk college bitch. That ain’t you. Dunno what the hell Leah said to ya, but ya know better than ta listen to the shit that comes outta her mouth.” He glanced around and found his vest hanging on his usual hook behind the door. He strode over quickly and put it on, but he didn’t leave like she’d expected him to.

He was reaching into the inner pocket of his vest and, taking a few cautious steps toward her, extending his hand. There was a small black box in his palm.

Beth didn’t immediately reach out for the box, so he took a few steps closer.

“Happy Birthday, Greene,” he mumbled as she carefully took the box. Then he spun around to leave.

“Thank you,” she whispered to his retreating back. He grabbed the trash bag and quietly shut the door behind him.

She opened the box and peered down at its contents. Nestled inside of green tissue paper was a delicate gold bracelet with a small pendant on it: a crossbow bolt.

“Dammit, Beth,” she swore to herself as she fell back on the couch.

The next day, she was prepared to fix things with Daryl. It was lunch time and she stopped by the diner to pick up two burgers and fries to take with her. She could always smooth things over in the past when she brought him his favorites. She had her new bracelet on. Not on the left wrist with all of the others where it would be lost, but on her right. She’d put on a red T-shirt and her favorite pair of jeans.

She entered the waiting room and was surprised to find Merle behind the desk instead of Magna.

“Tinker Bell! Whatcha doin’ here?” He crowed from his chair.

“I brought Daryl some lunch. Said some stupid stuff last night an’ came to see if I could get some forgiveness,” Beth explained as she leaned over the counter.

“Yeah, was gonna ask ‘bout that. Didn’ feel like invitin’ ol’ Merle ta the shindig? I bring the party with me, blondie. Somethin’ ya know damn well by now.” He raised his eyebrows suggestively and Beth rolled her eyes.

Merle did, in fact, always bring the party, but he always got a little too drunk and tried to push her and Daryl together.

“I did invite you,” she reminded him. “You told me you were too busy to come to a *My Little Pony* party.”

Merle threw his head back, laughing.

“Ha, that’s right! Bet’cha had pink pony cupcakes an’ everythin’,” he teased. “Baby bro’s back in the office. I gotta warn ya though, he’s in a mood today. Guessin’ I got *you* ta thank for that.” He waved a hand towards the back and then went back to typing on the computer, cussing at it for making his life more complicated than it should be.

Beth walked to the back of the auto shop that Daryl and Merle owned together, waving at Tyrese as she went past. She knocked lightly on the door before sticking her head and the bag with the food in at the same time.

“I come bearing apology burgers,” she said with the biggest smile she could muster.

Daryl smirked and gestured with his head for her to come in.

Once she shut the door and dropped the bag onto his desk, he asked, “Shouldn’t I be bringin’ lunch since it’s yer actual birthday?”

“No, this is how I’m thankin’ you for my gift. And apologizing for actin’ stupid last night,” she said sheepishly.

Daryl was chewing on the side of his thumb nail, his eyes refusing to meet hers. That was how it usually was with him when things got a little too serious. She pulled a burger out for him and sat hers on the other side of the desk. The fries got dumped into the bottom of the bag and put in between them to share.

“Looks nice on ya,” he finally said, pointing to the bracelet.

“I love it!” Beth managed to get out around the huge bite of hamburger she’d just taken.

Daryl gave her a small half-smile and finally looked up at her. His eyes seemed bluer today. Like something you’d find at a candy store.

The look he was giving her was making her squirm around in her seat and making her think of things she had dreamed about saying to him last night. She’d told him she thought maybe she should find out if all the rumors were true. Then, after he left, she’d almost texted him a few times to tell him she loved her bracelet, but what she really wanted was one night with him.

Of course, that would ruin their friendship. And Daryl would have turned her down in a heartbeat. She’d never be able to show her face in town again, just in case anyone ever found out.

They ate the rest of their lunch in companionable silence. Daryl balled their trash up and threw it into the trash can. Beth caught the way his biceps bunched when his arms flexed and all she could think about was having those arms wrapped around her.

Dammit! She needed to stop this. But did she really want to...?

“Beth?” Daryl was in front of her waving his hand in her face. “Earth to Beth.”

“Yeah, sorry,” she said, quickly snapping herself out of it. “Sorry. My mind is just all over the place right now. That’s another reason I came over today. Maggie can’t drive right now, she’s way too pregnant and the doctor doesn’t want her to be an hour away. My dad still isn’t able to drive with his leg, so dinner is off. I was gonna see if you wanted to come over to my place for dinner. I’ll cook, just bring a bottle of somethin’ strong.”

She was debating with herself on if she would really ask him for her birthday... *favor*? But If she couldn’t spend her actual birthday with her dad and sister, he was the only person she wanted to spend it with.

Daryl seemed to be thinking about it. Probably remembering all of the things she’d said the night before and slowly making her resolve fade. Then he nodded.

“Should be done here at six. I’ll run home an’ shower an’ head on over. But don’t cook nothin’. I’ll grab some pizza an’ bring that nasty watermelon moonshine ya like so much.”

She wouldn’t argue with him if he was willing to spend time with her even after her unfortunate word vomit the other night. Maybe he’d pretend it never happened.

“Perfect. I’ll see ya then!” She gave him a quick wave and quickly left the shop.

She had a lot to do before tonight.

At 6:45, Daryl arrived at her door, arms full of pizza and two bottles of liquor. She grabbed for the bottles and saw that he had bought her watermelon moonshine, as promised, as well as a bottle of Jack for him. She waited for him to go past before shutting and locking the door behind him. He sat the pizzas on the counter of the kitchen before coming back out to hang his vest on the hook.

“Yer awfully dressed up fer pizza an’ booze on the couch, ain’t ya?” He asked, his eyes running up and down, taking in her yellow sundress. It was one of the dresses her daddy would definitely not approve of because it barely brushed past her mid-thighs.

She just shrugged and went to the kitchen to get some paper plates and glasses for them. “Maybe I just wanted to look cute for my birthday. Is that a crime or somethin’?”

He started to say something, but shook his head and huffed in amusement instead. He accepted a plate from her and loaded it up with three slices of pizza. He grabbed both bottles and glasses and headed into the living room. She grabbed her own slice of pizza and followed behind him.

They talked about their day while they ate, and how Merle was once again offended that he hadn’t been invited tonight.

They'd both had about three shots and Beth felt her courage starting to build. She'd convinced herself not to ask, but suddenly, it was all just bursting from her mouth.

"Why haven't you ever tried to fuck me? Is it because I'm too young, or I'm not experienced enough? Not your type?"

She immediately regretted the words and clapped her hands over her mouth.

Daryl just stared at her, almost like a deer in the headlights. He was probably getting ready to bolt. He wouldn't, of course, since they'd been drinking. But he'd surely call Merle or Rick or anyone to get away from her. She felt so stupid. She'd finally pushed too far. Why couldn't she have just kept her mouth shut?

He poured another shot and quickly downed it. He poured another, but didn't touch it.

"Beth, we just—can't," he mumbled. "I'm not the guy ya wanna be with."

"I'm not askin' you to marry me, Daryl. I'm askin' why I seem to be the only woman in this town that doesn't have a story about sleepin' with the *legendary* Daryl Dixon."

Daryl was shaking his head again, staring at the floor. "Ya know that shit ain't true. 'S just a bunch'a women runnin' their mouths. Shit, y'know Leah does it just to get under yer skin. She was so fuckin' jealous of you, I couldn' take it anymore. Now she's gettin' back at both of us."

Beth reeled a bit at this piece of information, but it didn't stop her from arguing. "Maybe I wanted to before she ever came along."

When he didn't respond, or even look at her, she figured this was her only chance to ask.

"What if I asked you to fuck me... for my birthday? One night, no strings. Then we go right back to Beth and Daryl, just friends, tomorrow."

He didn't answer her for a long moment and she was starting to feel impossibly stupid for thinking that was something he would do. This was Daryl. He wasn't going to give her a pity fuck because she asked for it for her birthday.

Embarrassed and almost certain that she wasn't going to talk to him ever again, she stood up and took their plates to the kitchen and threw them away. She shoved the boxes into her fridge, assuming he could get them when he left. She was about to just lock herself in the bathroom and cry and scream in the shower when he called her name.

"Beth..." His voice sounded strangled from where he was sitting on the couch.

He quickly threw back the shot he'd poured himself, stood up, and took a few steps until he was standing right in front of her. He cupped her face with his palms and pulled her in for a kiss.

He wasn't gentle. Hell, she didn't want him to be. The force of his kiss had her gasping in surprise and happiness and Daryl took the opportunity to dart his tongue into her mouth. His

lips tasted like she always thought they would—like whiskey, cigarettes, and a hint of mint.

His hands dragged down her face and neck before he lightly ran them down her sides, finally resting on her waist. His teeth gently dug into her lower lip and pulled back slightly.

“Fuck,” Beth sighed once she caught her breath.

Daryl stared at her like he was trying to figure something out, but then his eyes flashed and his hands wrapped around her waist and in one movement, he picked her up and threw her over his shoulder.

“Daryl!” He didn’t answer her, just took off down the hallway to her bedroom. He tossed her onto the bed, where she bounced slightly before falling back on the small mountain of pillows.

He unlaced his boots and quickly kicked them off before climbing on the bed and crawling towards her. He hovered over her, making her sink deeper into the pillows. His mouth was on her neck and somehow, he knew just the spot to run his tongue over to make her hips buck up into his.

Her lips parted as she sighed quietly, tilting her head back to give him more access.

“Y’sure ya want this?” Daryl growled into her ear, teeth nipping at her earlobe.

Unable to find her voice, Beth nodded her head, but he pulled back and she groaned, trying to follow his mouth.

“Gotta say it, Greene.” He locked his eyes onto hers. His voice was stern, sending another wave of sparks through her.

“Yes—God, yes, Daryl. I want you to fuck me.”

His blue eyes turned almost black once she said that, his mouth going to the other side of her neck as one of his hands slipped beneath the hem of her sundress. She could feel how soaked her panties were and pretty soon, he was going to know as well.

“Damn, you are ready.” His knuckle was running up and down her cloth-covered cunt. Grazing the places where she wanted his fingers, his tongue, his dick... any part of him he was willing to give her. He nudged the fabric aside and easily pushed a finger inside of her.

Her back arched off the bed, finally feeling him touch her. She desperately grasped his shirt, and got it bunched up around his shoulder blades trying to get it over his head. He added a second finger inside of her and momentarily distracted her from her mission because his fingers were so fucking thick and he was fucking her with them the way she hoped he was going to fuck her later. Hard and deep.

“Fuck, Daryl. That feels so good,” Beth sighed as he slid his fingers out of her and sat back on his heels. She whined in frustration, but he just gave her a smirk and pulled her up with him. Once she was up, he pulled her dress off and flung it somewhere across the room, then he was pushing her shoulders to guide her to lie back.

He stared down at her, his expression unreadable. And then his hands cupped her breasts, his fingers pinching her nipples between his thumb and middle finger. He rolled them slightly and then tugged.

Beth's hips bucked off the bed, but they couldn't go far with Daryl straddling her hips.

His head lowered to the valley between her breasts and licked a strip between them before running his tongue over the tops of them. Beth let out a shaky breath right before he took one into his mouth and sucked hard on her nipple. She gave a yelp when she felt his teeth sink down as his head pulled back, stretching the hardened bud before letting go.

He slowly moved his body down hers and gently kissed the top of her abdomen. Then he ran his tongue around her navel. He gently nipped at the skin right above her pubic bone before sinking his teeth into her hip bone. When his nose ran up and down her soaked panties, she tugged at his hair. Begging him to *do* something.

Daryl began pulling her panties down, removing one leg and then the other. She was suddenly very aware that she was lying in front of him, completely exposed, and he only had his boots off. All of those thoughts escaped her, though, when he wrapped his hands around her thighs and dipped his head back down to her cunt. Burying his face into her wetness. Sucking at her puffy lower lips and placing a feather-light kiss before running his tongue along the edges. He parted them with his tongue and dragged it from her dripping entrance to her clit, drenching his facial hair in her juices. Her thighs tightened around his head before he dragged her legs over his shoulders and buried his face deeper into her.

Beth had to let go of his hair, otherwise she was afraid she might be about to yank it out of his head. She grabbed a rung of the headboard behind her as Daryl enthusiastically ate her out. When he flicked his tongue across her clit, it was like a bolt of lightning shot through her. His mouth closed around it and gently sucked as he worked a finger back inside of her.

"Fuck, ya taste like heaven," he growled up at her, their eyes meeting. And she wasn't sure what she saw behind them. Something more than the lust that had been there earlier.

She tried to answer him, but he slipped a second finger inside her. His mouth was back on her clit, sucking harder this time. The only sound coming out of her mouth was a low moan, her hands gripping the bar so tightly, she could see her knuckles had turned white.

Daryl pushed himself up and off the bed and pulled off his shirt. His belt buckle was tossed to the side, and then he slid his jeans down along with his boxer briefs. Beth had imagined what he'd look like naked many times, and she was definitely not disappointed. His dick was bigger than anyone she'd ever been with, the head already a deep purple and leaking precome. He got back on the bed and kneeled between her legs.

"Condom?" His voice was rougher than usual.

She pointed to the bedside table. "In the drawer."

He leaned over and pulled out a foil square, ripping it open before rolling it down his thick length. Fuck, he was *really* thick. He watched her intently before he straddled his legs over

her hips again, leaning down to kiss her. She could taste herself on his tongue this time and it made her pussy throb in anticipation of what was still to come. He grabbed her thighs and pulled one leg up to rest on his hip. And then he sank into her with one hard thrust.

His thick cock stretched her, and her mouth fell open, her back arching as a drawn-out, “*Ohhh!*” slipped from her mouth.

“Fuck, yer tight,” he grunted, then he was grabbing her waist and slamming back into her again. His deep thrusts made the bed rock and the headboard slam against the wall.

“Oh, fuck,” Beth panted. “Oh, *fuck!*”

She wanted to watch him, but she could barely keep her eyes open. It felt so good. The way his dick was stretching her cunt was right on the edge of painful, but the *good* kind of pain. The kind she wanted to ask for, but had always been too embarrassed to. His thrusts were evenly paced and deep. Every inch of him was touching every nerve inside of her and setting off fireworks in her brain. She wrapped her legs tighter around him and dug her heels into his back. Silently begging him to take her deeper and harder.

Daryl claimed her mouth again. The desperate way he was rolling his tongue around hers made it that much hotter. She could feel his cock throb inside of her. His thrusts were getting harder and she thrust her hips up to meet his. His hand was resting on her pubic bone, and his thumb rolled her clit in small circles. She could feel her orgasm building and threw her head back against the pillow, her eyes rolling back into her head and her mouth falling open as she made high-pitched noises she’s never heard herself make before.

Just as her back started to bow off the mattress, Daryl pulled out. Leaving her gasping and uncomfortably empty.

“Daryl...” she moaned. Hoping that he wouldn’t leave her hanging like this.

No, he wouldn’t do that. But fuck, she was so close.

“Shhh, I’m just not ready ta be done yet.” He smirked before he grabbed her waist again and flipped her over easily. He kissed the skin along her back and chuckled as her spine arched up to meet his lips.

His hands closed around her hips and he pulled her up so she was resting on her knees and elbows. The head of his cock brushed her entrance and he slowly pushed inside of her. His hands gripped her hips tighter as he sank himself inside of her again. He’d felt huge before, but now he was able to get deeper inside. His first thrust almost took her breath away.

Beth pushed her ass back against him and clenched her cunt around his dick. He groaned at the sensation and his fingers sank deeper into her hips. She was going to have bruises in the morning. Little reminders of this night.

“Daryl, please!” She whimpered, pleading, looking over her shoulder at him.

“Please what?” His hips were tight against hers and he was just barely moving them.

She practically yelled out, “Fuck me, dammit!”

He growled and then pulled almost all the way out of her before slamming back in. His pace never slowed, his right arm wrapping around her middle and the thumb of his left hand on her clit. This time, he didn’t go for the soft circles. No, he pulled her orgasm from her with lots of pressure and tugs on her clit. Her orgasm built up again inside of her, and she was afraid to show signs that she was about to come again, not wanting him to stop.

“Come for me, Beth. Come on, come all over my dick.”

His words sent her over the edge. Every muscle in her body tightened and her arms couldn’t hold her own weight up anymore. Thankfully, Daryl’s arm held her hips up, because she was face first in the pillow. The black pillow case muffled her scream of ecstasy. She’d never been loud during sex, but she’d never come this hard before either. Her legs were shaking and she could feel her cunt spasming around his cock.

Daryl’s thrusts slowed as he brought her back down. The aftershocks still coursing through her as he somehow pulled them to the side without pulling himself out. His left arm was under her neck and his right was pressing against her cunt. He lifted her right leg up and back over his hip and began to thrust inside of her again. His left hand cupped her breast and then started to twist and pinch her nipple again. His fingers gently stroked her clit and she almost pushed his hand away from her overly sensitive bud, but then she felt something stirring inside again.

Behind her, his thrusts were getting erratic and she could feel his muscles tightening where he was holding her in place. He nudged her hair away from her neck and ran his tongue from her ear down to the juncture of her neck and shoulder, and then bit down. Daryl let out a sharp grunt and then he thrust inside of her and pulled her as tight against him as he could. His dick pulsed inside of her. She’d been so close to another orgasm, but was resigned to be happy with the one amazing one she’d had already, when his fingers started to dance on her clit again.

Beth felt herself tighten up and then Daryl moved his hand back and brought it down sharply on her clit. This time, it wasn’t a buildup and an eruption—this was like getting electrocuted; her body jerked and every muscle locked up. She couldn’t even make a noise, it was so powerful running through her. When she was able to move again, she melted against him. There was no way she was going to be able to move any time soon.

Daryl was still holding her tight, face buried in the crook on her neck. Coming down from his own high.

She could hear his gasping breaths right next to her ear. They lay there for a few minutes as he softened and slipped out of her. She didn’t want to lose that feeling of him and groaned when he turned over and got out of bed.

“I’ll be right back,” he told her as he slipped out of the bedroom and into the bathroom next door.

She lay there for a few minutes, wondering if this had been a bad idea. Sure, she got what she wanted, but was life-changing sex really worth losing Daryl over? Having him inside of her and hovering over her had finally made her realize that, at some point, her feelings for the man had changed from the best friend she crushed on to a man she wanted to be with. *Really* be with. For more than just one night.

Daryl came back into the room and crawled back into bed next to her. He looked over and then extended his arm. She rolled over and rested her head on his chest. Both of his arms were around her then. His lips were against the crown of her head, and then his fingers were playing with her hair.

Fuck, she wanted this all the time. Not just tonight because she'd asked him to, but because he wanted to be there with her.

"Daryl... did we just screw up our friendship?"

She waited. She could feel him taking a deep breath before he answered her.

"Yeah. I think we did."

Her head shot up and she looked at him with what she could only imagine was fear in her eyes. But he reached a hand up to rest on her cheek.

"I don't think I can go back ta just friends now," he quietly admitted.

Beth released a breath she didn't know she'd been holding and collapsed back onto him. "I don't wanna go back either."

He chuckled and wrapped his arms around her again. "Go ta sleep, Greene. We can figure it out in the mornin'." Then he kissed the top of her head.

She was just about to drift off when she heard him whisper into her ear, "Happy birthday, Beth."

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Kudos and comments are my life blood anymore and I'd love to know what you all think about this one.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!